
Your Harmonica

Mary Bremer

emmett

i stole your harmonica
from tom
on his birthday

we were drinking
at the hole in the wall
he brought it out to play
i asked if i could borrow it
and when he wasn't looking

slipped it in my pocket

i took it out
every night
holding collateral
while strangers sang the blues
i could have walked away
with about seven wallets
it made a frenchman dance
to 'the fields of athenry'
it has been played in dublin
cork killorglin and galway

in a hostel in stockholm

it flew to los angeles
through newark and phoenix

then road tripped to the grand canyon
spent a week stuck in gallup, new mexico
waiting for a new fan belt
it stayed a night in amarillo, texas
it drove through a tornado in oklahoma
and was hit by a drunk driver
in missouri

i brought it back to chicago
where the windy city
lived up to its reputation
it has been to the loop
old town evanston gary
and everything in between
but sounded best
as everything does
on the south side

i gave it away
to JAM-aica
the resident jam band
at the commune
where i spun the potter's wheel
and learned to smoke weed

one day
it may find its way back to you
until then
listen closely over your next pint
maybe you can hear it wail